

THE MOCK ORANGE BRIDGE WHIST CLUB.

By GRINNAN BARRETT.

"NEVER again as long as I live," said Mrs. Oliver Quiver, Vice-President of the Mock Orange (N. J.) Bridge Whist Club, as she jabbed a hatpin, with a venomous thrust, apparently through her skull, and gave a final hitch to her new pattern hat, so that it hung down over both eyebrows, "never again do I expect to do what I did last night. All the others feel the same way about it."

"It was Mrs. Tankers's time to entertain, but both her servants quit—and I don't blame them, seeing what a temper Mrs. Tankers has—and Mr. Tankers came home from the Saturday Afternoon Club's dinner suffering from nervous prostration, although I will say it's the first time I ever heard of an ice-water thirst and the three-day hiccoughs called nervous prostration."

"And so she suggested that the club all go over to the big bridge tournament at the Hotel Astor. It cost a dollar apiece, but we heard they had just beautiful prizes and it was given for charity, and it's our duty to help along charity, especially when, as I say, they have such lovely prizes. Besides, as Mrs. Wisebudd said, it would be a splendid chance to show those stuck-up New York society women that there were a few people over in New Jersey that knew a little something about bridge."

"But, my dear, it was perfectly awful the way those New York women noted. I never saw such an exhibition in my born days. Why, those women would contradict you right to your face, and they would have the last word, no matter how hard you tried to talk them down."

"Mrs. Putnam Asunda had a disagreement with one woman about a rule, and after Mrs. Putnam Asunda had told her in the most ladylike way that she didn't know anything about the game, the other woman flared up and had the audacity to pull a book out and show that she's played it according to Hoyle. As if Hoyle never made any mistakes! I'm sure he had to learn what he put in his old book from somebody else or else how would he know? So there!"

"And once, just because I had the misfortune to trump my partner's ace, I wish you could have heard the sarcastic remarks of the snippling thing that was playing partners with me, and even if she didn't say a word she looked daggers, and I'm sure that amounts to the same thing."

"And when we lost the game and I tried to pass it off with a few pleasant words she just snuffed and tossed her head. She put me so out of temper that I wasn't myself again all evening. I despise to see a woman playing bridge as though life and death depended on it. And I blame it all on her, for I fought like a tiger for every point and yet I never came anywhere near winning a prize."

"And one of poor Mrs. Colefeet's opponents just came right out and openly accused her of cheating. And what was more the mean thing proved it by going back through the cards, although Mrs. Colefeet was willing to ignore the insult and just drop the whole matter."

"But Mrs. Bob Darrow had the worst experience of all. She was one of the winners, and just as she decided to take a lovely brass lamp another woman claimed it, and what was more she insisted on keeping it simply because she had picked it up and started away with it before Mrs. Darrow picked it out, and Mrs. Darrow had to take something she didn't like half as well."

"So we all came home perfectly disgusted, and we aren't going back again as long as they play for charity."

HEART and HOME PAGE for WOMEN

Edited by Nixola Greeley Smith

THE SUMMER CAMPAIGN.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

PRACTICALLY every household in New York just now is given over to the dressmaker. And the hopes of its women centre in what the result of her busy fingers is to be. We are getting ready for the summer campaign, from which many an everyday young woman will return with the bediamonded consciousness that to the only man in the world worth while she has become the only woman. Meantime, our mouths are filled with pins and our hearts with exhortation and we almost wriggle our backsides out of joint in the vain endeavor to decide whether or not the back really fits as well as the valuable seamstress assures us. So much we know depends on the back and the belt. And the way our collar meets our shirt-waist is really so much more important than the way our prospective fate meets us. For that reason those of us who have trouble with those perverse things called the princess frock and not the back really fits as well as the valuable seamstress assures us.

So much we know depends on the back and the belt. And the way our collar meets our shirt-waist is really so much more important than the way our prospective fate meets us. For that reason those of us who have trouble with those perverse things called the princess frock and not the back really fits as well as the valuable seamstress assures us. So much we know depends on the back and the belt. And the way our collar meets our shirt-waist is really so much more important than the way our prospective fate meets us. For that reason those of us who have trouble with those perverse things called the princess frock and not the back really fits as well as the valuable seamstress assures us.

Perhaps already some suddenly sprouted love affair among our acquaintances has out-distanced the first swallow and the early violet, and even the patent medicine people, in telling us that spring is here. In a month more, June, with its roses and romances, will be upon us. And then, Heaven pity the unwary bachelor.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

Bleach for Freckles.

LICHT AND BEIL.—This is stronger, and, in my opinion, the best of all bleaches for freckles and brown spots. Bleach of mercury, in coarse powder, 3 grains; witch hazel, 2 ounces. Agitate until a solution is obtained. Moisten over the affected parts. Keep out of the way of ignorant persons and children.

For Wrinkles.

C. B.—You are too young for a single unwelcome line on your face. Don't see anything to frown at, and if you do, don't frown. For wrinkles of that kind smooth them in the contrary direction.

Perspiration.

MRS. B. Y.—Change the stockings twice a day and oftener if necessary. Bathe the feet in as hot

water as you can bear every night. Try this cure: Beta-naphthol, 1-2 dram; distilled witch hazel, 4 ounces. Apply to the skin.

Stouter Wrists.

E. M.—I do not know any better way to make the wrists stouter than to get stouter generally. The wrists will share in the improved condition. Large pores on the nose require the same treatment as on any other part of the face—plenty of soap and warm water, with the addition of a good scrubbing-brush.

A Unique Dessert.

IF you want to serve something absolutely unique for the cheese course at dessert try the ridiculously simple preparation of Roquefort cheese and apples. To make it take a slice of Roquefort cheese and a piece of butter the size of a walnut. Mix them together into a paste and thin this down by the addition of three or four tablespoonsful of cognac. When of a good spreading consistency spread it over slices of russet apples and you will have a novelty that will create both surprise and delight among your guests.

BUDGER, the "Want-to-Be" Boy—By "Pop"

1. Budger watched a man slapping red paint on a fence. "Oh, I wish I were a painter!" cried Budger. Make-Believe jumped into view, touched him with his wand, and the very next—

2. moment Budger found himself in jumper and overalls carrying a pot of paint up a ladder. "A whole house to paint and no one to tell me no to!" he chuckled, and—

3. set to work with all his might. Pretty soon he passed a window and saw a lovely goldfish globe inside. He climbed in and began to play with this wonderful toy, and—

4. forgot all about his house-painting job. It was great fun to slobber the water about and watch the fish jump into the air. Budger never noticed—

5. that his boss and the lady of the house had both appeared until the lady gasped: "Well, I never!" Smash! The globe fell from Budger's fingers, and he—

6. was hit over the head with the paint pot. The boss was just going to drag him off to jail when Make-Believe flew to the rescue and hustled him home.

MR. HAPPYHOME

By Walter Wellman.

THIS IS MY BIRTHDAY. WHAT'LL I GET HER?

I GUESS I CAN SPARE \$50.00. THAT HAT WOULD LOOK SWELL ON HER.

THIS IS WHERE I GET OFF.

YOU KNOW HOW I LOVE CATS.

I TOOK THE WRONG BOX IN THAT CAR.

BETTY'S BALM FOR LOVERS.

All perplexed young people can obtain expert advice on their tangled love affairs by writing Betty. Letters for her should be addressed to BETTY, Evening World, Post-Office box 1354, New York.

She Loves a Yale Boy.

ABOUT three months ago I met a Yale senior of whom I became very fond. Once in a while he used to come to New York to stay over Sunday and then he spent most of his time with me. He often told me that he loved me and wanted me to be his wife, and although I love him very much I knew that it would be a long time before we could get married, because he lives almost entirely on his brother's money, and when I told him

Dining with Men.

Dear Betty: Cruel, tyrannical brother will not allow me to accept an invitation to dine alone with a tried, true and trusted friend of the family. Don't you think it would be eminently proper for me to do so? DISCONSOLATE.

If you are of an age to judge these

He Asks for Kisses.

Dear Betty: An eighteen year old, and about a month ago I met a young man at a house where I board. I like him very much, and he often wanted to kiss me, but I would not let him, as I did not think it proper. He gets very angry when I refuse, and says that it is not that I don't want to, but that it is my father's rule. P. W. H.

If you would get very angry at his request, he would not have time to be angry at your refusal. Do not allow it.

THE NEW PLAY

"The Optimist"
Tries to Teach
It's All for the Best.

THAT beautiful doctrine, "It's All for the Best," which was down on the programme, right under the title of Sydney Rosenfeld's play at Daly's last night, may have offered some consolation to the audience that sat through four long rambling acts of "The Optimist." Theatregoers, like other good, simple souls, sometimes find comfort in calamity. Optimism is first aid to the first-nighter. It goes hand in hand with him, whispers words of hope in his ear, and with its last gasp, perhaps, calls for the author. Then, limping out, it says, "It's all for the best—the next time we'll know better."

It was something like that at Daly's last night. Mr. Rosenfeld was sick enough, but it took him an interminable time to tell a story that was hardly worth the telling. Sentiment was measured off by the yard, and high-sounding words soared to the "fies" in clusters. There were a number of clever lines, however, and "The Optimist" at least succeeded in showing the bright side of Miss Charlotte Walker, who was capital as Isabelle Drake, "of the theatre." She had both common sense and a sense of humor, while the others, with the exception of Mr. Thomas A.

OH WELL! CHEER UP!

Lizzie Hudson Collier and "The Optimist."

Wise, as a gay old deceiver, had neither. Mr. J. H. Gilmour, as Norman Grey, went in for optimism, and undertook to heal the wounded heart of young Jack Wendell when the cub was thrown over by a girl who he supposed was going to marry him. She had led him on by picking out his office furniture, only to flash a wedding ring before his astonished eyes and leave him to sob them out on a table that was hardly big enough for the contract. Mr. Walter Eddinger sobbed with great success, and added at least a quart of anguish to the cup of grief that Miss Lizzie Hudson Collier was obliged to carry as his big sister. Because she was Jack's sister, the optimistic individual took him to New York and applied balm to his aching heart in the form of a beefsteak dinner at a lively apartment in Central Park West. Here it was that Miss Walker spread good cheer as the comic opera lady whose heart had been wounded so many times that she was insensible to pain. Her optimism beat the professional optimists to a whipped cream, and she was beginning to make the cub forget his troubles, when his big sister Alice came after him. She declared it was no place for him, when, in fact, it was just the place for him. Furthermore, he had been invited and sister hadn't. She came without asking and in her best clothes.

Alice questioned Grey's method of

away despoiling him. It turned out that Angela was the daughter of the optimistic brother—it was high time for something to turn out—and that his visits to the "depraved woman," now dead and gone, were in the interests of his poor little niece. This "squared" everything with everybody—on one side of the footlights. CHARLES DARNTON.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

WEEK ends are always most charming when they wear simple little dresses such as this one. The illustration of the material is fine Persian lawn, the skirt and bertha being lace, while the yoke is of inserted ticking, and the whole is as charming and attractive as well as can be. The model, however, suits all materials appropriate for dresses of the sort and can be made of such simple stuff as cross-barred muslin and the like and even of colored lawn suited to morning wear, as well as of the daintier muslin. Again, when made from fine white material the trimming can be varied in a number of ways. The hand-embroidery is, of course, the smartest of all things now, and is always essentially charming, but embroidered edging of a fine quality can be utilized for the bertha and the skirt can be hemmed and tucked or finished in any way that may be liked.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (2 years) is 3 1-4 yards or 2 1-4 yards 36 inches wide, with 2-8 yard 15 inches wide for the yoke and collar.

Pattern 4947 is cut in sizes for children of 6 months, 1, 2 and 4 years of age.

Child's Round Yoke Dress.—Pattern No. 4947.

Cut or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third Street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.

How to Obtain These Patterns